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118th Annual Dinner.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick

1902.

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1902

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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

118TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

IN THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

AT

DELMONICO'S

MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1902.

Reported and Published by Order of the Society.

1902.

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"SALVE SUPERSTES"

ELECTED
1843

PRESIDENT
1857-58

SAMUEL SLOAN

OFFICERS
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
1902.

PRESIDENT
JAMES A. O'GORMAN

VICE-PRESIDENT
EDWARD PATTERSON

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
CONSTANTINE J. MacGUIRE

TREASURER
JOHN D. CRIMMINS

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MILES M. O'BRIEN
ANDREW A. McCORMICK

ADMISSION COMMITTEE
DAVID McCLURE
CHARLES F. WALTERS
DANIEL F. MARTIN
DANIEL O'DAY
NICHOLAS J. BARRETT

77004

Soc. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of N.Y.

The 118th Anniversary Dinner of the "Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York" took place at Delmonico's (Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street) on Monday evening, March 17th, 1902. The President of the Society, Hon. James A. O'Gorman, presided. The following members and guests were present:

GUESTS' TABLE

James A. O'Gorman, President

Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.
Mayor Seth Low
Rev. Joseph H. Twichell
Denis O'Brien
Samuel Sloan
Michael V. Sheridan, U. S. A.
Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N.
Edmund Clarence Stedman
President New England Society
George B. M. Harvey
Frederick J. de Peyster
Pres. Society of Colonial Wars
Rev. J. O'Donovan
Charlton T. Lewis
Pennsylvania Society
Julien T. Davies
President Saint David's Society
Stuyvesant Fish
President Saint Nicholas Society
Robert H. Turle
Saint George's Society
George M. Van Hoesen
Holland Society
Paul Dana
John Clinton Gray
Horace White
Alton B. Parker
Arthur T. Bowers
Thomas F. Grady
William M. Byrne

TABLE A.

Francis J. Breslin
Edward Hassett
Philip Carpenter
Hugh G. Connell
Rev. J. M. O'Leary
John B. Manning
W. E. Paine
D. J. Carroll
Richard E. Danvers
Edward Michling
John R. Conway
Otto M. Eidlitz
Clarkson Cowell
C. Farnham Collins
Geo. E. Schanck
John F. O'Rourke
Wm. Reeves Crowell
Terence Farley
George F. Crowley
John Goodwin
McDougal Hawkes
Thomas Johnson

James G. Johnson
John B. McKean
James McMahon
Robert W. Hibberd
Thomas W. Hynes
Peter F. Kane
William A. Kane
Andrew J. Connick
Andrew J. Connick, Jr.
Daniel E. McSweeney
P. J. Walsh
William Zaiss
P. J. Scully
Patrick Kiernan
A. F. Travers
J. M. Phelan
Stephen Geoghegan
Stephen J. Geoghegan
Julius M. Mayer
Charles J. Farley
Dennis A. Spellissey
David L. Barrett
James E. Duross
Charles A. Cowen
Michael F. Scanlan
John Furey
M. E. Bannin
Rev. M. J. Fitzpatrick
Robert Eidlitz
Bird S. Coler
Thomas M. Mulry
Homer Folks
John Crane

TABLE B.

Patrick Farrelly
Stephen Farrelly
T. Charles Farrelly
P. A. Hart
James A. Hart
Charles F. Hart
Cornelius A. Hart
Austin Finegan
John A. Davidson
William L. Hall
E. J. Farrell
M. L. O'Loughlin
Joseph W. Lawrence
Robert McKean Barry
John Bryns
John J. McGrath
Harry Byrnes
John F. Doherty
Richard J. Lyons
William J. Walsh
Edward J. Stapleton
Jacob A. Cantor
William F. Sheehan
Leslie Pell Clarke
James S. Coleman
Jules Breuchaud
Cornelius O'Reilly
Charles S. Gowen
Rev. T. E. Smyth
B. F. Coleman
M. J. Horan
William H. Kelly
D. A. Shanahan
William H. Kelly, Jr.
Arthur A. McLean
George W. Brewster
James R. Kane
John P. Kane
Thomas L. Watt
F. O. Farrington

Arthur T. Sullivan
John Stone Sullivan
Wm. Hepburn Russell
John C. Sheehan
James B. F. Smith
David McClure
William Temple Emmet
Hugh Kelly
John J. Rooney

TABLE C.

Eugene Kelly
Thomas H. Kelly
John Vincent
Patrick Donahue
John Vincent Donahue
John H. Campbell
George W. Carr
C. Dempsey Donahue
James Brice
George W. McCluskey
Patrick J. Menahan
James Drew
Thomas Morrissy
Morris E. Sterne
Edmond J. Curry
James Reilly
John McLaughlin
J. Lewis Lyon
William E. Wyatt
Peter Hawk
Joseph B. Bissell
William J. McCreery
Charles H. Lewis
John A. Irwin
Edward J. McGuire
Charles C. Sanders
Herbert C. Smyth
Frank T. Fitzgerald
Thomas Lenane
F. M. Gibson
E. J. O'Shaughnessy
George B. Coleman
Rev. M. J. Lavelle
F. P. Cunnion
Rev. A. T. Roche
Rev. F. H. Wall
James Curran
John J. Pulleyn
James W. O'Brien
John Little
Rollin M. Morgan
Francis J. Quinlan
J. Wesley Jacobus
John Purroy Mitchell
Guest
Joseph I. C. Clarke
L. A. Cooper
James H. Breslin
Constantine J. MacGuire

TABLE D.

John D. Crimmins
Edward Patterson
C. H. Van Brunt
Chester B. McLaughlin
William G. Davies
Edward W. Hatch
J. D. Crimmins, Jr.
C. J. Ryan, Jr.
P. F. Collier
John H. Lynch
Henry McDevitt
William L. Brown

Nicholas J. Barrett
Granville F. Dailey
J. L. Gratsinger
D. M. Brady
Herbert H. Vreeland
W. H. Truesdale
Frank S. Gannon, Jr.
E. G. Murphy
E. D. Farrell
P. C. Boyle
J. B. Roosevelt
Herman Ridder
T. Albers Adams
Morgan J. O'Brien
Edward Carey
Frank C. Loughlin
L. M. Ogden
J. P. Caddagan
T. E. Crimmins
Eugene A. Philbin
C. L. Despard
G. W. Young
C. V. Fornes
Thomas Barrett
James M. Bingham
Edward A. Maher
J. White Sprong
W. H. Whalen
Frank S. Gannon
Frank Wills
Thomas J. Colton
John J. Gibbons
E. J. Torrance
C. P. Vedder
Daniel O'Day
R. Guggenheimer
E. G. Whittaker
Guest.
Miles M. O'Brien

TABLE E.

Augustin Walsh
Augustin Walsh
J. Henry Haggerty
A. C. Tully
Michael Blake
Thomas Miller
Rev. James A. Kelly
Henry C. McCoun
Peter McDonnell
T. V. Powderly
Matthew I. Fox
John Furlong
Robert J. Fox
Adrian T. Kiernan
Abner C. Thomas
William P. Mitchell
John J. O'Brien
William H. Delany
A. B. Murray
Michael Killackey
R. J. Kennedy
T. F. Bardon
M. J. Quinn
James McGovern
David O'Brien
Matthew A. Kline
Daniel F. Martin
William T. Ryan
John F. Martin.
Matthew P. Ryan
William I. McMahon
Thomas P. Riley
R. H. Vaughan
Thomas O'Reilly

Philip A. Smyth
John J. O'Donovan
L. J. Callanan
William Donovan
Henry A. Brann
Guest
Richard Deeves
J. Henry Deeves
Henry C. White
Robert Maynicke
William B. May
A. Dederer
Leo Schlessinger
Thomas P. White
J. G. O'Keeffe

TABLE F.

Rufus B. Cowing
Lewis J. Conlan
James A. Blanchard
John W. Goff
Francis B. Delehanty
John H. Spellman
Warren W. Foster
Frank S. Beard
John McCullagh
C. V. C. Van Deusen
D. Frank Lloyd
Santiago P. Cahill
Francis Higgins
Ernest Staples
Lawrence J. Winters
William B. M. Jordan
John O'Sullivan
John E. Dearden
Owen J. Brady
Josiah A. Waller
Robert Bonynge
Edward H. Warker
William J. O'Brien
John Stewart
James Fitzgerald
Alfred Steckler
William S. Andrews
Henry A. Gildersleeve
Martin T. McMahon
Edward R. Carroll
Joseph E. Newburger
Charles W. Dayton
Sylvester J. O'Sullivan
Joseph Mitchell
John Williams
James Dunne
Philip J. Britt
John W. Keller
John Lynr
John A. Adams
Edward J. McQuade
John H. Naughton
George H. Fahrbach
William H. Walker
John Von Glahn
Thomas C. Dunham
L. T. Fell
C. J. Ryan
William N. Penney

TABLE G.

Richard H. Mitchell
T. W. Timpson
P. N. Lawrence
Wm. H. Vaughan
John Healy
Edgar S. Appleby
John J. Harrington
Francis L. Minton
John J. Quinlan
Louis F. Doyle
James Kearney
William J. Farrell
John H. Rogan
Michaei J. Mulqueen
Joseph P. Fallon
Frank B. Smidt
James N. Wallace
William J. K. Kenny
John T. Oakley
William E. Burke
James P. Keating
Daniel F. McMahon
Peter F. Meyer
Frederick Evans
Walter F. Vernon
W. J. Woods
Thomas C. O'Sullivan
Matthew E. Healy
William E. Stillings
Matthew F. Donohue
Joseph E. Gavin
Joseph P. Day
Daniel O'Connell
Michael McGrath
Manuel Lopez
William Dalton
Thomas J. Dunn
John H. McCarty
Thomas L. Feitner
Adrian H. Joline
Adrian H. Larkin
George H. Pegram
Geo. W. McNulty
S. L. F. Deyo
Robert L. Luce
Bernard Naughton
Jas. F. Schapperkotter
Frederick Holbrook

Thomas C. O'Sullivan

TABLE H.

Michael Duff
John E. Kirby
H. Van Atta
E. Clinton Smith
W. J. Stewart
P. Ryan
James G. Shaw
Paul Halpin
John Goodchild
John J. Kennedy
Jóseph T. Carroll
Joseph J. Gleason
Thomas A. Plunkett
C. Gallagher

Walter A. Pierson
C. W. Bennett
Patrick Brady
Michael T. Barrett
Peter Hawk, Jr.
Daniel J. Donovan
Edward Early
Theodore Hetzler
George Hurst
William H. Hurst
James Flynn
John Kirkpatrick
David C. Townsend
W. R. Jameson
Thomas P. Kelly
Daniel H. McPherson
Frank Thompson
Isaac Bell Brennan
Albert E. Merrall
John B. Finn
George Livingston
M. F. Loughman
E. J. Loughman
Thomas E. Torpey
Rev. D. H. O'Dwyer
Andrew Little
Frank B. Hurd
Mark W. Brenen
J. P. Dooley
Martin J. White
John J. Ryan
John H. Judge
Theodore Connolly
Edmund L. Mooney
Charles Blandy
John Whalen
Wm. J. Carr
Charles B. Page
Peter J. Loughlin
Thomas Kirkpatrick
Bartholomew Moynahan

JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE
PRESIDENT 1885-86-88-89.

EUGENE KELLY
PRESIDENT 1869-TREASURER 1883-1894.

TOASTS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.....HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN

"Ireland—Forlorn but not forgotten, thy children scattered over many lands, revisit thee in loving memory to-night."—*Moynahan.*

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.....RT. REV. THOMAS J. CONATY
President of Catholic University, Washington.

"The yearly course that brings this day about shall never see it but a holiday"—*King John.*

THE UNITED STATES.....HON. WILLIAM M. BYRNE
U. S. District Attorney, Wilmington, Del.

"Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings.—*Henry VIII.*

THE IRISHMAN AS CITIZEN AND SOLDIER.....REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL of Hartford, Conn.

"Who carries the gun? A lad from the Emerald Isle;
Then let him go, for well we know, we've tried him many a while.
We've tried him East, we've tried him West, we've tried him sea and land,
And the man to beat old Erin's best, has never yet been planned."
—*Conan Doyle.*

THE STATE OF NEW YORK.....HON. THOMAS FRANCIS GRADY

"What constitutes a State?
Men, high minded men,
Who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."—*Lloyd.*

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.....HON. SETH LOW

"Why may not an Atlas of State, that bears up the weight of a commonwealth,
Now and then for recreation's sake be glad to ease his shoulders."
—*Shackerly Marmion, the Antiquary.*

THE ARMY AND NAVY.....CAPT. RICHMOND P. HOBSON

"Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith and interest, too, the same,
Like mighty partners, equally they raise."—*Dryden.*

OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.

"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light."—*Marmion.*

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JAMES T. BRADY
PRESIDENT 1863-64.

CHARLES P. DALY
PRESIDENT 1860-62-70-78-84.

MENU.

HUITRES

"I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon."
—*Goldsmith—She Stoops to Conquer.*

Sauterne CONSOMME DAUMONT Sherry

CREME D'ARTICHAUTS

"Eating is like fighting. All it needs is a beginning."
—*Dooley's Philosophy.*

RADIS OLIVES CELERI

"Cum grano salis."

ALOSE SUR PLANCHE AU BEURRE RAVIGOTTE

Champagne POMMES DE TERRE PERSILADE

"Fish for fasting days and moreo'er pudding and flap jacks."
—*Pericles.*

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FILET DE BOEUF AU MARSALA

Chat Couffran — Tomates Trevise — Mineral

"A dish that I do love to feed upon."

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Liqueurs

TERRAPENE A LA MARYLAND

"And they say they're half fish, half flesh."

—*Pericles.*

COTELETTES DE RIS DE VEAU MODERNE

Pointes d'Asperges au Velouté

"Not to know me argues one self unknown."

—*Paradise Lost.*

IRISH BACON AND GREENS

"Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you."

—*Measure for Measure.*

SORBET AU KIRSCH

"How well my comfort is revived by this."

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

PLUVIERS

Salade de Celeri aux Ananas.

"That was well done, my bird."

—*Tempest.*

GLACES DE FANTAISIES

Fruits — Petits Fours — Pieces Montees

"The daintiest last to make the end most sweet."

—*Richard II.*

FROMAGE — CAFE

" 'Tis strong and does indifferent well."

—*Twelfth Night.*

At 9.30 P.M. Mr. Justice O'Gorman, the President, rapped for order, and spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:—I rejoice with you over this splendid manifestation of your loyalty to the memory of the patron saint of Ireland. In numbers, good fellowship and, let us hope, fervor of patriotic impulse, this dinner worthily maintains the best traditions of our society.

To our guests I extend a most cordial and fraternal greeting.

This day is consecrated to the Irish race the world over, and in every land and under every sky—wherever the stars shine to-night, men of Irish birth or ancestry are doing honor to the name and fame of St. Patrick, and recalling, with mingled emotions of pride and sorrow, the glories and sacrifices and hopes of Ireland. (Applause.) To-night we celebrate the 118th anniversary of the birth of our association. During all the years that have elapsed since its formation, this society has ever cherished and cultivated sentiments of undying attachment to the Stars and Stripes, and has kept alive the patriotic memories of the cradle land of our race, the object of our hearts' love and devotion. (Applause.) Ireland has not been much in the public view during the past few months. Our attention has been divided largely between the capture of America by that most gracious and democratic of men, Prince Henry of Prussia (applause), and the less friendly capture of English armies by the Boers of South Africa. (Applause.) But the Irish question still remains unsettled, and our people in the old land are strenuously contending for a redress of the insufferable grievances with which an odious and infamous tyranny oppresses them. They are more resolute and hopeful than ever, and this encouraging attitude is in a great measure due to the brutal defiance of Salisbury, Chamberlain and Rosebery, who have proclaimed their own political imbecility by attempting to condemn the Irish nation to perpetual slavery. (Applause.) These men refuse to restore to Ireland the Parliament of which she was robbed 100 years ago. They say Irish autonomy would be a menace to England, and England no longer invincible, is taking no chances since two small nations in a remote corner of the earth have been able to give her so much trouble of late. (Applause.) In half a century England has produced but one great statesman—Gladstone. (Applause.) He was a truly great man, one of God's noblemen. Since his death his mantle has covered a lot of lilliputian nondescripts. If Gladstone lived, Ireland

would be loyal and reconciled, and, in the enjoyment of her constitutional rights, forget the resentment of centuries, and give strength and stability to the empire. If there had been no departure from his policy, South Africa would not be to-day the graveyard of English hopes. There she has buried her military prestige and glory so deep that it can never be resurrected, and in the utterly indefensible killing of Boer prisoners of war, and the unspeakable outrages committed upon the women, children and non-combatants, she has sacrificed much of her national honor and forfeited the world's respect. (Applause.) But a few years ago England held the primacy among the nations of the earth. Now, none so poor to do her reverence. In hurling England from her pedestal of power, Botha, De Wet, Delarey and their countrymen have won the gratitude of every lover of freedom. (Applause.) That's why the Irish and the great masses of the American people rejoice over Boer victories. We all love liberty. Our race has made every sacrifice in its behalf. Ireland's seven-century resistance against foreign tyranny and oppression has been a most potent factor in promoting the cause of universal emancipation, for wherever the Irish exile has gone, human freedom has found an apostle and an advocate. (Applause.)

The Irish and the Boers are animated by the same impulse, they defend the same principle—government only by the consent of the governed. As Jefferson declared, "any other form of government is slavery." Upon this principle we, as Americans, have achieved all our greatness, and whenever liberty triumphs in any part of the world, then our own Declaration of Independence receives its best vindication. (Great applause.)

And now, gentlemen, before proceeding to the formal toasts of the evening, I ask you to drink to the health and prosperity of one of our members, Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States. (Applause.)

(The toast was duly honored, all rising and joining in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner.")

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, the time-honored toast, "The Day We Celebrate," is the first one on our list, and we are very fortunate to-night in having with us a distinguished gentleman from

the City of Washington, who will respond to it. To this audience he needs no introduction. I am very glad to have the opportunity of presenting to you the Right Reverend Thomas J. Conaty, President of the Catholic University of Washington. (Applause.)

Address of Bishop Conaty.

Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Friendly Sons:—It is an honor for me to be with you to-night and an honor to be called upon to respond to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate." A character and an event unite to make the day we celebrate. A character—St. Patrick, through whose labors a nation now filling the world with honor and renown was converted to Christianity. The character stands out upon the pages of apostleship, a Christian character, a Christian bishop, a Saint of God. Wherever men are gathered in numbers to-night, there are men who bend the head and raise the voice to the memory of St. Patrick. Wherever Irishmen are gathered—and no place in the world is without them (applause) there are men to-night humbly joining together the thought of Patrick and Erin, of faith and fatherland, of God and country, and their hearts are filled with thanksgiving to God for both, and in their lives is a determination ever to be faithful to God and ever to be true to Erin. (Applause.)

Faith and fatherland are twin virtues of true manhood, and they are virtues that never have failed in the Irish character. Thanks be to God, we love our God and we love our mother country. (Applause.) Centuries separate us from the days of Patrick, but as green as the shamrock on Erin's hillsides is the memory of Patrick and the love for Erin. Men ask how it happens that though changes have come to every nation that received Christianity, the Irish race alone have never proved faithless to the gospel of Christ, which Patrick preached, nor have they ever ceased to love the land that Patrick made the scene of his apostolate. Find the answer in what it has cost the Irish people to hold those two loves. Oh, God in Heaven, where in all the annals of civilized men will you find such a story of struggle, of persecution, of trial and of difficulty, and through it all, holding fast to the rock of Peter and true to the Shamrock of Erin, the Irish race have gone through the world with hearts burning with love for the gospel of Christ and the land of their fathers. (Applause.)

Memories come to the Gaels as they gather around the banquet hall to-night. England took almost everything else, but, thank God, our memories are with us, and among them are some that are as sweet and as honored as any known to men. What a trial! What a glory! In

panoramic scene they pass before us, those fifteen centuries of glory and defeat, of honor and disaster; those ages of faith when Ireland became the home of scholarship; when in the golden days of her freedom she gave freely of learning to all who came within her borders. We see it passing before us, that first great exodus of monks and scholars, who, filled with the apostolate of Christ, went to other nations as Patrick had come to them, carrying everywhere the story of the Christ, and bearing everywhere the fruits of monastic learning. We see them as they crossed to the continent, following the rivers, mounting the hillsides, resting in the valleys, everywhere laying the foundation stones of edifices of religion and learning that even until this day have merited the admiration of all scholars.

Then came another exodus. It was an exodus of the soldiers, those men who, when divisions of faith came between England and Ireland, went out into the continental armies and fought the battles of the cross against the nations that had gathered under the banners of the Reformation. And another exodus, when, in later days the people, forced by evil law, by iniquitous legislation, left their lands and their homes to seek anywhere outside of Ireland a refuge from oppression and an opportunity for honest endeavors.

It is not necessary to tell the story of trial and of persecution. Iniquity such as civilized annals nowhere parallel is found in that great penal code by which it was attempted to legislate Ireland into ignorance and illiteracy. Illiteracy, yes; ignorance, no. For where is a knowledge of God there may be an ignorance of letters; there can be no true ignorance. (Applause.)

"The Day We Celebrate" bears with it the thought of an apostolate. And as I look upon the Irish people during those centuries of her Christian history, I see a great national apostolate bearing everywhere the truth of God, carrying to all nations the strength of an Irish character, which nothing that iniquitous men could legislate was possible to eradicate. That Irish nature found in its love of God, the highest motive principle of human action; that Irish nature found in its love of man the note of sympathy which touches all hearts and gives that bonhommie which made the Irishman beloved; its love of home and of altar gives it the strength which it brings to every nation into which it has entered; the Irish nature, loving God and home and liberty, has been a precious inheritance for all the nations of the earth. (Applause.)

But, my friends, the apostolate thought that comes to us to-night is not only the apostolate of religion, but it is the apostolate of liberty. (Applause.) If on earth there be a people unflinching in devotion to liberty, that people is the Irish people. (Applause.) The Irish value above all, the liberty that comes with the freedom of the children of God, and rather than lose that freedom, they gave up land and the comforts of life and suffered misery and persecution and exile rather than be without the freedom of conscience by which they valued themselves as men worthy to love the God whom they had been taught to know. What, for the last four centuries, has been the one undying prayer of Ireland? Has it not been for liberty? Have they not in desperation risen at times determined to throw off the shackles and be politically free? Crushed to earth and ground to the dust, they only awaited a moment of release to arise again, defiantly crying into the face of Heaven, "We demand our own, we demand our freedom, we must have our Erin free." And that undying cry of liberty has been the cry of the Irish heart during the centuries of her persecution. Yes, my friends, Ireland has gone through the nations of the world singing the hymns of Bethlehem, and of Calvary, and of the Resurrection, but she has sung at the same time the songs of her own Bethlehem, the sorrows of her own Calvary, and the hopes of her own Resurrection. (Applause.) Exiles from their native land, they have brought to the lands which have received them the loves that make true men, they have brought the virtues of a chaste womanhood, and a chaste manhood, they have brought the integrity of character which has withstood the grinding tyranny of centuries of oppression; and they stand to-day in every land of the earth blessing the land that gives them protection and citizenship, and turning their faces to the old motherland and praying that God would bless that motherland with the liberty which other lands possess. (Applause.)

What shall we say to her to-night. Bless her, Erin, our mother, bless her; oh, God of the nations, for whom she has suffered as no other nation ever has suffered. Bless her with loyalty to her Patrick and what he taught of Christ. Bless her with loyalty to her manhood and what her manhood deserves from humanity. (Applause.) We stand before her, we see her abject, depopulated, calumniated and reviled; but as Gaels to-night, whether we come from North or South, whether we be of Gaelic or Celtic origin, whether Norman or Saxon, we are all Celts, and we drink to the mother that bore us. (Applause.) To

her not a vain word do we speak. We speak in the language of manhood. We are one with her in her faith, we are one with her in her aspirations.

Gentlemen, there is one word which I am sure is on the lips of every man, and that is the word of loyalty in unity, a sea-divided Gael, one in name and one in fame, one in loyalty to mother Erin. Her people are struggling still against iniquitous law and we are sometimes apt to be discouraged, to regard it as a bad bargain and cease to hope for redress. But, gentlemen, it is not in our nature to despair; it is not in the Irish nature to lose courage, to lose hope. We have hoped for four hundred years. Will we now despair? Great God in Heaven, we are a part of every nation, and no small inferior part, either; and we ask the nations if Ireland does not deserve a place among them; a nation that was capable of evangelizing the world as Erin was in her freedom; a nation which was capable of giving to the world a Burke and a Gratton; a nation that was capable of producing an O'Connell, who wrung from a hostile parliament the Catholic emancipation (applause), the man who taught the nations of the world the first great step in constitutional agitation; a nation that could produce a Father Matthew, who went through the world preaching the gospel of moral force and civilizing thousands of men out of the miseries of sin and degradation; a nation which produced a Parnell (applause), the man who made the world listen to the true story of Ireland's rights and Ireland's wrongs, who told men what Ireland stood for, what Ireland had suffered, and converted the world to belief in Ireland's story, a man who united for the first time, from centre to circumference, and from ocean to ocean, the Irish people in the demand for Home Rule and the rights of men (applause); a nation capable of giving to the world the soldiers who have controlled the destinies of the world's battles in the last one hundred and fifty years—shall that nation be allowed by humanity to lie in its little spot in the ocean and rot, because of lack of human sympathy? Its cry should not be unheeded in free America. To you and me, gentlemen, whose hearts are Irish, there comes a duty—for after all, we are "Paddies evermore" (applause), and the beauty of our Irish character is that we do not care who knows it. (Laughter and applause.) Our loyalty to this young mother, who took us to her bosom, will not prevent us from loving the old mother that gave us birth. Our duty expresses itself by loyalty in unity. Let us be united in loyalty to Erin. There she struggles for an existence. Shall we remain indifferent? Shall we be apathetic? Shall we waver in decision?

Her command is our duty. To us comes the duty to follow, not to dictate. On her the duty of outlining the policy that leads to freedom and to right. Shall we feel that England in all her power shall depend upon our apathy and our indifference to forge again the chains for the liberties of the few who remain on her soil? Forbid the thought. We are Gaels to-night, and while we love our God, we hate oppression. (Applause.) There is the everlasting protest against the foreigner, the alien who usurps the rights of the people and refuses to concede to them that government by themselves which God destined to them as a race. May then our word of unity be the word among us to-night—unity in sympathy with a movement of the people in Ireland; sympathy in their political movement, sympathy in their language movement, the grand old language of the Gaels; sympathy in the rebirth of their industrial movement (applause), sympathy with anything and everything that will make our Ireland what it ought to be, the flower of the earth and the gem of the sea, our motherland, the dearest of all lands to us, because the land of our birth, the land of our faith, the land of the traditions that make us the men our citizenship demands us to be to-night. (Applause.) Oh, then, give to Erin whatever you possess of strength and power. Stand as one man, as she struggles against a mighty nation which seems now tottering to her ruin. The Irish went out with a vengeance; the vengeance is still on their lips, and will one day go back. There is a God in Heaven, who gives justice to nations as well as to individuals. The Irish have always loved justice; and because they believed in justice, they have been true to God, and God will one day reward them. (Applause.) Her cry is still for justice. From us she demands loyalty. She deserves the best we have. Let us be true Gaels and ever love our motherland. Let us sing with peasant bard:

"When the laws can keep the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen.
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green."

Please God, I'll be true to Erin, for Erin has been true to me. May God in Heaven bless her this night! May that great saint whose day we celebrate, from the throne in Heaven which he has enjoyed because of his apostolate among our forefathers, pray for her, that the minds of the world may see the justice of Erin's cause and that the great heart of the

English people may be reached, and Erin obtain her rights and privileges. May truth and justice prevail and Erin be to us all our mother Erin, the loved land of song and story, the Tir-nan-og of the Irish dreamer, with the crown which the stranger plucked from her placed on her brow, glory and renown again returning to her, the world grateful for her children, singing with loud acclaim the hymn of justice recognized in Erin's freedom. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, we shall digress a moment. The youngest man in this assemblage to-night is the oldest member of the Society. In 1843, a year long before the birth of most of you, Samuel Sloan entered the ranks of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. (Applause.) If you turn to your menu cards you will find the classic features of Samuel Sloan as they were half a century ago, as they appear before you to-night. If my modesty permits me to express any personal gratification in being honored with the presidency of this Society, it is that I am one of the successors of Samuel Sloan, who was elected president in 1857 and 1858. Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the health and long life of Samuel Sloan. (Applause.)

MR. SLOAN: Mr. President, and Gentlemen:—This is an unexpected pleasure. It is a great honor to be a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Since the years you have named, those young men have grown to be men, and the pleasant memories of bygone years must suffice for my thanking you from the bottom of my heart for this extraordinary ovation to one so appreciative, I think, of the great privilege of being here to-night. I thank you, gentlemen. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: The next toast is to "The United States," and it will be responded to by Hon. William Michael Byrne, United States Attorney for Delaware. (Applause.)

MR. BYRNE: Mr. President, and Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York:—The opening remarks of your eloquent President in which he stated that New York was recently captured by a cultured Dutch Prince, remind me of a refreshing incident of history. It is among the records of history that when that intrepid navigator, Hendrik Hudson, sailing under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company, mounted the decks of his gallant vessel, the "Half Moon," her prow first kissed the waters of the

Delaware before she sighted Sandy Hook. At that time the princely territory of the New Netherlands extended from my State of Delaware and included New York. (Laughter and applause.) Since that time no traveler from Delaware coming to New York has failed to receive a "wide open" hospitality. (Laughter.) I suppose, gentlemen, whether we will continue to receive such hospitality depends somewhat upon district attorneys and mayors. However, down home we regret that we ever permitted the dismemberment of the territory of the New Netherlands; but we continue to regard you with a maternal interest. (Laughter.) It is true that afterwards the English under Lord Delaware came and occupied our territory, but I am reminded that this trick of the English is sometimes yet practiced—taking Dutch territory when Dutch soldiers are away. (Laughter.)

A son of an Irish emigrant, I conceive it a special honor to have the privilege of speaking to the toast of the United States, for to this Republic I bear a great debt of gratitude, because when my father was driven from his ancestral home, and when the hills of Wicklow could no longer resound to his voice, it was on the shores of this liberty-loving country that he found a haven where his energies, his talents and his industry could work out that career denied him in the land of his sires. (Applause.)

Naturally there is a temptation to recount the history of American liberty on this occasion; but I prefer to confine myself to a consideration of some problems which lie before us, confronting us in the discharge of the duty which we owe mankind to transmit unimpaired to a vigorous posterity the blessings of liberty conferred upon us by the builders of this Republic.

I am reminded that the keynote of American liberty is heard in this, that I, a citizen of one of the smallest States in the Union, am in the possession of the same civic rights, the same public privileges are enjoyed by you, the citizens of the princely Empire State of New York. (Applause.) The genius of the American government consists in this, that in all parts of the Union, however remote from Washington they may be, the citizen enjoys an equality of right. The bedrock of American liberty as I have read its history, is in local self-government. The Californian is not ruled by the New Englander, and the man from Alabama has no fear of his fellow citizen from Wisconsin. It is because of that equality of power in the States as States, the conservation of the small as well as the large, that the American government has proceeded upon its mission of benefit

to mankind. I notice from the public prints that this principle is now attacked in the Senate of the United States by a bill to destroy the equality of representation of the States in the upper chamber of Congress. My observation upon the principle of that bill is that it is the beginning of a career of centralization of governmental powers that bodes ill to the American Republic. (Applause.)

I am also cognizant of the notion now prevailing among some of the students of government at the head of affairs, that the policy of restricted immigration should be adopted. Occurrences at intervals arise that give men thought as to whether it is good policy to keep an open door for the influx of the foreigner. Gentlemen, it is a grave proposition. In the memory of many, we saw the existence of a system of slave labor south of the Mason and Dixon Line. That system of slave labor enabled that remarkable country to produce and maintain a wealthy leisure class whose culture and whose attainments made the glory of the first half century of the nation's history. (Applause.) The problem of low class labor is a serious one. To-day we suffer on the farm and in the factory because of a dearth of laborers. I am told by friends of mine who are yearning for some of the large contracts here in New York (laughter) that the great army of laborers in tunnel and railway can scarcely speak a word of English and that you cannot get an American or Irishman now to wield the pick or shovel as in the days of yore. They have graduated from that labor. (Applause.)

Now in the absence of a system of compulsory labor, you must preserve a wide opportunity for voluntary labor of the lower class. You cannot hope to maintain supremacy in the commerce of the world if your industrial system is crippled by a scarcity of laborers. Some publicists are concerned in the effort to gain for workingmen what they deem is an adequate share of the profits of production; but the real, the dangerous, problem facing the Republic is not whether the American workingman is getting enough, but whether we are getting enough American workingmen. You cannot have material prosperity without having abundant voluntary labor of the lower class, and it pains me to hear scorn sometimes heaped upon the Italians, the Poles and the Hungarians who, coming to our coast in millions, are contributing to the upbuilding of our great commercial activity. We have opened the door and kept it opened for the generous relief of the oppressed of other lands. We have suffered nothing by this policy. Our three millions and more square miles of territory now support upwards of seventy-six millions of Americans; that is about twenty-five to the square mile. The United Kingdom of Great Britain

and Ireland supports three hundred and thirty-eight to the square mile. As against our twenty-five, she supports three hundred and thirty-eight, and we, before we reach a density equal to the density of population now prevailing in the United Kingdom, can sustain a billion and a quarter of American citizens. So we need not be much alarmed about the problem of congestion regarding the Italian and the Pole. The problem with us is this, that we shall make American citizens out of the Latin, the Slav, the Teuton and the Celt who come to our shores. (Applause.)

Let us not be deceived by the euphuistic appeal of the English people in their cry for Pan-Anglo-Saxonism. Let us not attempt to Anglo-Saxonize this nation. Let us not undertake now, when Great Britain has lost her prestige, to imitate her to too great an extent. The proper course is not to Anglo-Saxonize, but to Americanize our people. (Applause.) The Boer war establishes this point, that the great British empire is held together by consent, and not by compulsion. Whatever may be the issue of that gallant struggle in South Africa, this much is certain, that any considerable colony of Great Britain can now walk out of the empire at her pleasure. (Applause.)

Americans have formed a constellation of mighty states, but through a bloody and unfortunate war we established for all time that no one of those states could sever the bonds of the union by consent. Now, although in some quarters there is a thought that we are departing from first principles, because of our governmental problems in the Philippines, this is certain, that although in the period of transition our arms may be strong wherever the sovereignty of the republic is attacked, the ultimate destiny of any people over whom flies the stainless flag of the republic is American liberty of the brand that found its birth at Bunker Hill. (Applause.) The constitution of the United States inhibits the government from establishing a religion, and the spirit of that provision equally forbids the government from changing a religion. In the Philippines to-day there is working out a principle which is watched with solicitude by twenty millions of Americans, involving the solution of the educational problem, and all Americans will deplore the adoption of any plan that under any guise, directly or indirectly, impairs the rights of the Filipinos to receive religious and moral instruction in connection with educational training. But I do not fear the issue. I have confidence in the destiny of the republic. She was born from the generous impulses of liberty; she survived Great Britain's effort to throttle her in 1812; she survived the intestine trouble in 1861; her sons in 1898 were as brave as any in 1776, and every problem in her pathway of glory will yield to successful solution.

There is no sign of decay in the American stock. I am reminded that when Alexander undertook his magnificent task of spreading Hellenic culture throughout the world, and which happily continues to this day, Athens was a faction ridden city; and I am reminded that Caesar when he spread the mighty power of Rome had also to contend with the corruption that disgraced the capital; but to-day when the American republic stands on its threshold as a world power, not dependent on or seeking territorial extension, but influencing the affairs of the world by her moral example, her sons are as brave as any of their sires, and the pages of our history may be searched in vain before you can find an instance eclipsing in glory the bravery of the young man who placed his life at the cause of his country, the gallant Hobson of the Merrimac. (Applause.)

It is because there is no sign of decadence among us, it is because of the American strength of character seen here before me to-night, it is because of the mastery of our people in commerce, in learning and in jurisprudence, that I feel justified in the optimism of youth in holding a perfect confidence about the continued glorious mission for humanity of these imperishable United States of America. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: You have doubtless appreciated by this time that your stewards have done their work well. They have taken distinguished men from all parts of the United States. First we had the distinguished prelate from Washington, then the eloquent District Attorney from Delaware, and now we have one of the best known preachers of the Nutmeg State, Rev. Mr. Twichell, who will tell you of "The Irishman as Citizen and Soldier."

MR. TWICHELL: Mr. President, and Gentlemen:—I have heard of an Irishman who, having been asked by a kind hearted gentleman if he would have a drink of whisky, made no answer, but struck an attitude and stood gazing up into the sky. "What are you looking at, Mike?" said his friend. "Bedad, sir," said he, "I thought an angel spoke to me." (Laughter.) Somewhat so did I feel when I read the letter tendering me the privilege and the honor of a seat as guest at your board this evening. Few things could have been more irresistibly alluring. The pleasure was one that I had long desired to enjoy. Might it have been mine simply as a spectator, my felicity in it would have been complete. Yet I am glad, too, of the opportunity of explaining that the desire some time, if it might be, to taste the fellowship of this feast, arose from certain deep seated sympathies that drew me to it—sympathies that had

their genesis in me a good while ago. We all know how abiding with us are the thoughts and sentiments implanted in us in the season of childhood. One of my earliest friends in life was an Irish youth who, as an employé of my father's was, according to the custom prevalent in New England fifty years ago, a member of his household. A companionable and most lovable fellow he was, and in him, when I was but a little lad, I marked and was deeply impressed with the passionate affection of the son of Ireland for his motherland. From him, before I knew a word of Greek and Latin, I learned what "mavourneen" meant, and I learned what "Erin Go Bragh" meant. By him I was made acquainted with the melody of the harp of Thomas Campbell. He taught me "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin"—I think I could repeat every word of it now. From him I gained my first knowledge of the pathetic Iliad of Ireland's sorrows. And those things that in my tender and plastic age, under the circumstances I have described, got into me, have never got out of me. (Applause.)

When, in later years, I came to this city as a student, there was a man living here whose name in the circumstances I have described, had been long familiar to me, and was invested with the halo of romance; a man of prominent public position and an orator, whom, when he was announced to speak I always went to hear; and that was Thomas Francis Meagher. And you can imagine how, under the spell of his eloquent tongue and in the contagion of the kindling fervors of the crowds gathered to listen to him, all the Irish with which I had been inoculated was set thrilling in my pulses, nor does my blood ever fail to be stirred by like causes to this day. (Applause.) Such, then, being from of old the state of my sympathies, I do not, though I am an outsider, feel the need of using any particular care or caution lest inadvertently I strike some note not in harmony with this present occasion; which I may say to you confidentially, I have been warned to be careful not to do. (Laughter.)

It is indeed alleged that the Celtic race, incidentally to its mercurial and excitable nature, is constitutionally remarkably sensitive. I once met an Irish gentleman in my travels who told me that an acquaintance of his going to Dublin, arriving there at the railroad station, engaged a jarvie with his car to take him and his belongings to his hotel. While the jarvie was getting his luggage into place on the car, another jarvie approached him and entered into talk with him. This gentleman observed that that other jarvie was extremely ragged; every garment he wore was in shreds; he was a miracle of tatters. When they got away from

the station, in order to make talk, he said to his jarvie, "Is that a friend of yours you were speaking with?" "Yes, sir; he is my best friend; he has been my friend a great many years." "Wasn't he a little ragged?" "Indeed, he was, sir, and he is always that way." "Why is it, is it because he is so poor?" asked the gentleman. "No, sir; he has plenty of money." "Then why doesn't he get him some new clothes?" "Well, sir," said he, "he is that ticklish there's not a tailor in Dublin can measure him." (Laughter and applause.) Now, gentlemen, however ticklish you may be, I have no fear of taking your measure in any way to afford you the slightest discomfort to-night; the state of my feelings is so very much against it.

The Irishman as a Citizen and as a Soldier is my special topic, as the program says. I know as well as you do that both as a citizen and as a soldier the Irishman is nothing modern on this continent. Up in the military burial place at West Point there is a headstone—I have myself seen it—that dates from the period of the Revolutionary War, which bears on its time-stained front this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF

ENSIGN DOMINICK TRANT,
of the 9th Massachusetts Regiment,
Who departed this life the 7th day of Nov., 1782,
In the 18th year of his Age.

This youth was a native of Cork in Ireland, which place he quitted from a thirst for military glory and an ardent desire to embrace the American Cause. He died equally lamented, as he was beloved whilst living, by all who knew him.

That youngster, it must be conjectured, as he died at eighteen, could have been no more than fifteen or sixteen years old when his ardent desire to embrace the American cause, coupled with his thirst for military glory, led him to take farewell of his native city and sail for these shores. In what shape the appeal of the American cause came to him, we cannot tell. It is highly probable that it proceeded from some friend or kinsman of his already in the ranks of the patriot army. It is conceivable that he was the brother or nephew of that Irish Molly Pitcher, who served the gun in her dead husband's place so intrepidly at the battle of Monmouth. (Applause.) It is possible that it was the fame of the gallant deeds and heroic death before Quebec of General Richard Montgomery, his countryman, that fired his generous young spirit. (Applause.) At all events, when he enrolled himself under the banner of liberty he found countrymen of his, and a good many of them, there before him. And not a few did he find there

who had been two or three generations out of Ireland. When one traces the thread of green that is woven into the whole fabric of the American colonial history, he cannot help wondering if there was not an Irish stowaway hidden somewhere under the deck of the "Mayflower." (Applause.) But in the epoch of the Revolution it was more than a thread; it had broadened into a strand. Not a chapter, not an important paragraph of the annals of that epoch but bears the color. How pervasive that emerald hue has since become, and how vivid in spots, is known to mankind.

A citizen of Massachusetts found himself one day seated in a railroad car beside a youth that, as he looked at him sideways he thought was an Italian. He fell into talk with him, and he proved to be an interesting young man. By and by he said to him, "If I am not mistaken, you are an Italian." He said, "I was born in Italy." "Where do you live?" "I live in Boston." At length, as they were about to part, the gentleman said, "Excuse me, but I would like to know your name?" "My name is Pat Murphy." "Who gave you that name?" "I took it myself," replied the youth. "And why did you call yourself Pat Murphy?" "Because," said he, "I wanted people to think I was an American." (Loud laughter.)

They do say, gentlemen, that in Boston, which is our Yankee Holy City, a lineal descendant of one of the founders of the Bay Colony cannot hopefully aspire to any elective office whatsoever, except that of deacon in the church of his fathers. (Laughter.) But consider this thing, which is full of significance, although there is nothing marvelous in it, that when, in 1889, the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth was with august ceremonies dedicated, the man called to be the poet of the occasion—at which it was my happiness to be present—was John Boyle O'Reilly. (Applause.) And how adequately and how nobly, with what largeness of sympathy with his theme, he filled the part, you know, or you have heard. And yet he had been in the country only since 1869—had been here, *i.e.*, in person. There's no manner of doubt that his eyes had been looking, and the heart of him drawing this way long ere that.

A most notable phenomenon to me is the feeling towards this land pervading in the past and in the present the Irish nation as a whole. It is not only extraordinary, it is unique. I know of no parallel to it in history or anywhere at the present time on the face of the whole globe. Coming to New York some time since to visit my son, who is a student in one of your professional schools, he, for my entertainment, insisting that there was nothing else that would please me so much,

took me to see the Irish actor, Mr. Chauncey Olcott. I wonder is he here? I would like to thank him for the uncommon delight he afforded me that time. The scene of the play upon the boards the night I speak of was laid in Ireland, and it was Irish throughout; as in fact, the audience for the most part was. Mike and Bridget were there in great force. An Irish play it was, as I have said, obviously designed for Irish patronage, and of the humbler sort. And this, let me remark upon it first; that though it was replete with fun, and with love; though there was plenty of courtship and marriage in it, it contained not one faintest far off suggestion of an indelicacy from beginning to end—to my fervent admiration. But I noticed further; that as it moved on from act to act and scene to scene, it aimed to touch, and did most skilfully touch, the chord of response to these three sentiments: First, the sentiment of domestic love and loyalty, in particular, filial love and loyalty as it was manifested towards the hero's dear old mother. Second, to a sentiment that it would be an exaggeration to describe as either of love or loyalty towards the civil government over Ireland. (Laughter.) And thirdly, to the sentiment of desire and longing and hope towards America. Mind you, the scene was laid in Ireland, and every appeal made to that last sentiment was responded to with instant glowing response;—evidence of a fact indisputably existing, and known by memory to many who were there present, that to the heart's geography of the sons and daughters of Erin at home, the land lying three thousand miles across the sea is nearer than the land lying across the narrow channel to the east. (Applause.) And why is it? Is it because there they discern the haven of hopes shipwrecked on their native soil? But whether the reason be this or that, it is unquestionably the fact that for a hundred years this American republic has been their Hesperides, their Mecca, their Canaan, their land of promise, their dreamed-of and waited-for inheritance; and that their thought of it from the cradle, drunk in with their mothers' milk, has partaken of the nature of an allegiance; so that when in God's good time if it be so, they pass to these shores, they come off the ship patriots already. (Applause.)

I ventured when I began to read you a page out of my personal recollections; and by your leave I will add another. My original bent of sympathy towards the people of your blood, gentlemen, received an immense confirmation by my experience in the Civil War. It happened that the regiment which I served as chaplain—the 71st New York—the *old* 71st New York, (applause) the volunteer regiment of that number

in the Excelsior Brigade,—was mostly Irish, two-thirds of it, I should say. Three years I lived in relations of the closest, and I think I may claim affectionate comradeship with those men—those brave men. It was scarcely fitting that I should be assigned to duty in a military parish of that composition, but it mattered less, since my nearby neighbor chaplain,—an Irishman he, too,—was a Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Joseph B. O'Hagan, who as it chanced had in his regiment a considerable contingent of those more at home under my ministry than under his—and so we managed things between us. Did any of you ever know Father O'Hagan? If you did, you knew one of the best, truest men that ever lived, one of the sweetest-hearted, most manly, most brotherly. We were thrown a good deal upon each other for company, which was my great good fortune; for a more genial, kindly, altogether delightful comrade could not be. We spent part of almost every day together. We rode together on many and many a march (and by the way, his steed being of the gentler sex, was named St. Cecilia, but mine was named Garryowen.) (Laughter.) And, gentlemen, I learned to love him as my own soul, and he was worthy of it. He went to Heaven years ago. I love him still. I have many precious memories of him, one of which I will relate. The night succeeding the awful day at Fredericksburg, after we had worked among the wounded and dying until the small hours of the morning and both of us were completely worn out, we went aside and rolled up in our blankets, having said our prayers, and lay down a short distance apart for a little sleep. After a bit he called me "Joe," (we both had the same first name), "are you awake?" "Yes, what is it?" "Aren't you cold?" "Yes, very cold." (It was the month of December and the air was chill.) "Suppose we club our blankets." So we both got up and made a new bed and snuggled down together in it in delicious comfort. By and by, as I was falling off into a drowse, I felt him laughing. "What are you laughing at?" I asked. "I am laughing at this scene." "Scene? What scene?" "The scene of you and me —me, a Jesuit priest, and you, a Puritan minister of the worst kind, spooned together under the same blanket." (Laughter and applause.)

But the effect of that association with those first parishioners of mine under the flag and with that beloved friend, was to deepen and intensify in me those Irish sympathies which as I have told you I was initiated into at so early a period; to deepen and intensify in me also, I would add, the sense of the mighty operation under the adorable province of God of that fellowship in arms in a great cause, to contribute new strength to the bond already binding so many American and Irish hearts together.

If I may take you back with me a moment to Gettysburg; there in the line of that old brigade pushing out into the fire on the second day of July, 1863, along with the descendants of Pilgrim and Puritan you shall see hundreds upon hundreds who first saw the light on the Wicklow or Wexford hills or by the waters of Galway; and the red life-blood soon flowing in those ranks, as its streams mingle on the sod, is made as never before one blood; made one blood, too, is that which still beats in the brave hearts of the comrades who will be spared to see the dawn of peace. And this fruit and outcome of that tremendous struggle, in the event and sequel of which this American republic of ours stands to-day in such glorious majesty of stature among the nations of the earth, has been, nowhere that I know of, more fitly and more beautifully celebrated than in the verse of another Irish bard, the soldier poet, General Charles G. Halpine, (applause), whose exquisite lines, written under the pen name of "Private Miles O'Reilly," I recite every Memorial Day when I have the chance, and shall do so to the end of my life. They will not be inappropriate to this occasion, although I suppose they are familiar to you:

"Comrades known in marches many
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds and sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"By communion of the banner,
Battle scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we.

Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor nation can divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the flag are we. (Applause.)

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound are we by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.

And if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no throb the colder,
Brothers ever we will be."

(Loud applause.)

Now it is impressed upon me that this is a good place for me to stop at—I have no doubt you share the impression.—And yet I confess I am reluctant to sit down. (Cries of "Go on.") The fact is, I feel much more comfortable than I did when I got up. We have a neighbor at home, an old Irishman, whose humble but useful occupation it is to gather the debris of our kitchens for the fattening of swine. I have many conversations with him, for he is a fine old gentleman; and in a talk I had with him some time since, it came about that I said to him, "I trust you will live long and bring many a fat porker to market yet." "I thank you, I thank you, Mr. Twichell, but when a man is rising 74, it is not many more pigs he will fat. I am not in no hurry to go. I'm contint to stay. I am not afraid to go; I didn't do anything very wrong; anyway I didn't mane to. But I am contint to stay; because, Mr. Twichell, when you are here *you know where you are!*" (Laughter.)

So I am content to stay, for I know where I am and I like to be here. I like the kindly—that is not the word, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—friendly and kindly, indeed, you are. But this is enough for now. I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me. God bless you. Good-night. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: We shall now have the pleasure of listening to one who is no stranger to a New York audience. I present the toast, "The State of New York," and the speaker, the Honorable Thomas Francis Grady. (Applause.)

MR. GRADY:..Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:

When I received the invitation of your committee, I found myself confronted—or affected, rather—by conflicting emotions. There was the call to duty. I quite well realized that at this stage of the legislative session the cause of good government could hardly stand the absence of its chief representative (laughter), and yet there was an invitation to a banquet. The calls from good government come often; just now the invitation to a banquet reaches me very seldom. I decided that the cause of good government must stand still for twenty-four hours, at least, so far as I am concerned. (Laughter.)

The suggestion of the President struck me in a different way from what it did the District Attorney from Delaware. If, as the President stated, Prince Henry is a Democrat, I wish he had remained over until next election. (Laughter.) It required the suggestion of Judge O'Gorman to explain the extraordinary expedition with which the President and Mayor got him out of town. (Laughter and applause.)

I know that at banquets such as this, every utterance should be tuned in cheerful tone, but you do not expect a Democrat to talk cheerfully of the State of New York at the present time. (Laughter.) I am one of the little band—I do not care to tell you how little we are—I may say, however, a branch of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—who consider that much of the glory of the State has departed (laughter), and that imperial character that we gave it some years ago is all moonshine. It is quite an ordinary commonwealth, and we cannot say just now when it will take on its former extraordinary glory. (Laughter and applause.) But we are full of hope. You won't mistake me when I say we are full of hope, that I said we are full of dope. (Laughter.)

And then it was not fair, if a very small man such as myself was expected to speak about the State of New York, that then you should slice off the best part of the State and hand it over to a great big man like Mayor Low. (Laughter and applause.) This has no reference to the little event of last fall. I recognize that under that distribution of power of which Mr. Byrne spoke so eloquently, that last fall the Mayor was only made partner in the biggest slice of the State of New York. But on the toast card of to-night he is given full charge, and I am warned that while I am expected to speak of the State of New York, that part of the State concerning which I could talk most feelingly is to be the subject of the succeeding toast, and I am supposed to grow eloquent upon that which I have been denouncing consistently, and to retract all I have said about the insignificant character of that part of the State and its people above the Bronx. Fortunately, I have been educated in that school of politics that makes the task possible. (Laughter and applause.) That is what I am required to do—turn around. It will be no embarrassment to me here. It might add to my embarrassment elsewhere. (Laughter.) I am, then, prepared to plead a confusion as to the two subjects, the Mayor's and mine.

I do not know of a better opportunity of making plain what always seemed to be a clouded question. Whenever I assert a political ambition of any kind, there runs in the public mind a questioning as to whether I

am heading for the parliament on the other side. (Laughter.) For that I take great pleasure in announcing, and I hope that the assembled audience will repeat the sentiment on every opportunity, favorable and unfavorable as well, that I respond to this toast as a native of the State. (Laughter.) That, you see, at once broadens the scope of my possibility, and it is something to have possibilities, no matter how remote the probability of attaining them.

I realize we have a great big State. I might say it requires a great big State to support certain parties, without mentioning any names. (Laughter.) We enjoy the distinguished advantage in the brotherhood of States—we have the first chance at the foreigner. We see him first; if he is worth it, we claim him, if he is not, we provide the most unequalled and expeditious railroad facilities to get him somewhere else. In a sentimental sense, it is New York now, no matter how it was in Hendrik Hudson's time, who first offers—she is one of the few States which has anything to offer—to the emigrant from abroad a future. We are great in the millions who make up the citizenship of this State. I had no thought from my political experience that we were only twenty-seven to the mile. (Laughter.) I can see a chance to improve on that in the near future without beating the Ohio record as between our voting strength and our population. (Laughter.) Nor did I know that in the mother country—you notice how respectfully I speak of the mother country; a man in politics has to be careful—there were three hundred and thirty-eight to the square mile. All they need there is organization. (Laughter.) And if things should not improve here, I can see another Patrick, whose first name is Thomas, beginning an apostolate among the English people and teaching them how if they cannot get liberty and freedom they might secure an office or two. And in that connection I may say that if there is any diffidence among the people there to try the experiment, I will put myself in the gap.

If I was asked in what the greatness of the State of New York principally consists, I would of course, to get a standing with the moral end of our constituency, say religion. But there are those who might say that I was not qualified to speak upon that, if upon any subject. (Laughter.) Next to our religious strength perhaps comes our charities—well, I am committing myself. Considering the legislation passed and proposed, I will qualify that statement—that our charities *were* our next greatest strength. (Laughter.) (A voice: "Turn this way a little bit.") The suggestion is not at all unwelcome, but they have had me so long turned one way in the Senate that I have got used to speaking in that attitude.

Next to our religious strengtth and the greatness of our charities, I should say comes the canal. (Laughter.) Of course, I do not expect that the Mayor will agree in all I have to say. He would put the schools ahead of the canal. But I am not going to so soon retract all of the articles of political faith to which I have subscribed, so I say that the next most important possession of the State is the canal. And I say that because I would like you to look with favor upon an appropriation of twenty-seven millions to improve them. Public enterprises to the mind of the Legislature are to be ranked in importance with the amount of money required to continue them as institutions. (Laughter.) And while the schools will require a few dollars to keep them going during the coming year, I am authorized by my associates to tell you that unless this twenty-seven millions of dollars is subscribed, and subscribed quickly, the end of the canal is at hand. I might state in the same connection that while I am here purely in the exercise of the privilege of attending your banquet, any of the merchants that might like to make particular contributions for this purpose will easily find me in the lobby. I do not fear to be found in the lobby here. (Laughter and applause.)

After the canals and the schools, then I suppose come the farms. You people who are not dealing with the beet sugar question every day cannot understand the value of our farms. (Laughter.) I am concluding a long legislative service—not too long by any means, I assure you; I am not an Anarchist, but I hope to stir up a popular clamor that may continue me in my present position. (Laughter.) I learned last week for the first time that there are 226,000 farms in the State. Any one disputing the figures is invited to visit and count the farms. I take it for granted that the figures are correct, because we were making a calculation as to just how much assistance per farm was required from the State so that our agricultural interests would not be wiped out, and ever since I have talked of the farms and their owners and their workers in the most respectful manner. You do not hear me call them "hay-seeds" nor "horny handed sons of toil." I speak of them as sovereign citizens, every one. (Laughter.)

Now I think, outside of political parties—and I am not allowed to touch on that—I have mentioned all the items of greatness to be found in the State. It may have been supposed that I was going to discuss the departments of state, to tell you how evenly the powers of government were divided; how we had a governor, a chief executive, who had nothing to do except enforce the laws. And I want to digress to pay some little

attention to a suggestion that came from Delaware, that the wide-openness of a municipality depends upon the Mayor and District Attorney. That may be the rule and law in Delaware; but when you come to imperial New York, allow us of the Senate and Assembly to determine that matter for you. (Laughter.) To be perfectly fair and candid, I admit that the Mayor has some influence, and I regret to be forced to the admission that the District Attorney has some power, but the dominating influence upon that and every other question is reserved under our idea of home rule to the Senate and Assembly. (Laughter.) We give the Mayor credit for honestly believing that he knows what is the best for the people, and we do not impugn the motives of the District Attorney in this particular instance (laughter), but we who are the law making power of the State, and particularly those of us who live farthest from New York, realize that there is nothing which in the past has protected this community from self-destruction except the protecting hand of the Senate and Assembly. And I may say that it is only as applied to this community that either the Senate or Assembly has a protecting hand. I suppose that it was intended—no, it could hardly be intended—that I should say anything in compliment of the Senate and Assembly except that they are still doing business at the same old stand and very much in the same old way. (Laughter.)

I might—I think I ought to say something concerning our judiciary. No man in my position can tell how soon he may need the friendship of a judge. And I can with truth and in all seriousness say that the judiciary of the State of New York has always been one of its brightest, best deserved honors. We have always had a court of last resort whose decisions could be quoted as authority in any court in all the Union. We have always had upon the Bench of our Supreme Court trained jurists whose decisions and whose work mark them as worthy of the confidence they enjoy and the respect that they enforce; and in the most inferior of our courts we have always had men who understood that before the bar of Justice the citizen came with the best protection that he could enjoy in any forum, secure in his rights and safe in his property. (Applause.)

I might say of our executives—and I exclude none of them from what there may be of truth in the suggestion—that they have been men who in the highest, most exalted station would have reflected honor and credit upon the position and gained the same laurels of admiration as they won as executives of this great State. (Applause.)

Do not mistake me, Mr. President and honorable guests and gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, if in rather a humorous vein I have talked about this imperial commonwealth. It is because that in all that makes a State worthy of the respect and support of its citizens, in every element that can contribute to the greatness of a commonwealth, it is so utterly impossible to measure her riches, that I have contented myself until now to say that she is the imperial commonwealth in the galaxy of this great Union. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: I am sure you are all anxious to hear the Mayor of our City.

(Applause. Three cheers, etc. Orchestra played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.")

MAYOR LOW: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:—I remember to have heard an anecdote of Charles O'Conor—that great Irishman who for so long easily led the Bar of this great city, and who was one of the many great members of your great society—that upon the Island of Nantucket he entered one day a barber shop. The barber was greatly delighted to have in his shop so great a man, and he arranged him with due ceremony for the function of being shaved. When everything was ready, the barber said to Mr. O'Conor, "How would you like to be shaved, Mr. O'Conor?" He answered, in words that I can easily imagine this company echoing at this moment, "In profound silence, sir." (Laughter.) If I could break that silence for a moment only, I should like to ask my friend from Delaware what he knows about a wide open town. (Laughter.) Is it possible that the old kinship between the dwellers on the South River and the dwellers on the North River is alive still? If so, I can tell him a tale that will harrow up his spirits. The people of Suffolk County will not allow this town to have any water, and the people of the rest of the State will not allow it to have anything else. (Laughter.) What do you think, sir, of the spirits of a population that in the presence of conditions like these is able to enjoy "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night"? (Laughter.)

But there would be many advantages for you, gentlemen, if I should answer to this toast as Charles O'Conor wished to be shaved. It is Mr. McKelway, I think, who is authority for the statement that a really capable man can be silent in a great many languages. And if you would allow me to answer to your toast in silence, I might be able to respond in the ancient language of Ireland. There would be advantages for me, on the other hand, if I could answer you in that fashion.

It is true that I have occasionally ventured to take the other side in a political campaign, from our friend Senator Grady; but in a political campaign, as the Senator knows, the people of this city never take him seriously. If they did, I submit it to this audience, how could any one hope to prevail against him? (Laughter.) But when the Senator speaks on an after dinner occasion, happy would the man be who could follow him by silence. For, to use the phrase which Wayne McVeagh once used of our fellow-townsman, Chauncey Depew, "no one can withstand the logic of his anecdotes or the humor of his eloquence." (Laughter.)

But there is still another reason and a better reason than all, why it would be fortunate for me if I could respond to this toast to-night in silence. The City of New York is so much better able to speak for herself (applause) than any Mayor that she has honored by placing in the chair of her chief magistracy, that any one upon whom the task falls may well wish that the city might be allowed to be the only speaker of the occasion.

What a city it is, gentlemen, with all its powers! You are all aware that work has been progressing for a year or more on its rapid transit subway. I wonder if any of you realize the scale upon which that work is going forward. I read a report to-day which reminded me that if the earth and rock already taken out of that trench were piled in a cone, it would make a pile that would entirely cover the City Hall Park, including the space now covered by buildings, and it would reach a height greater than the top of the World Building. Already 32,000 tons of steel have been delivered in the execution of that work; a quantity of steel greater than has entered into the old Brooklyn Bridge and into the second bridge as well, notwithstanding that its towers are built entirely of steel. The commission having the work in charge has rebuilt more than 25,000 feet of sewers; an amount which if extended in a straight line would stretch from the City Hall to a point above the armory at Sixty-fourth street: and the work is scarcely half done. It is perhaps an accident—and yet in another sense it is not—that the chairman of the commission under which that great work has been carried on is an Irishman. How much of the actual labor has been performed by the Irish, no man can ever know; but it is certain that the material greatness of New York reflects, in no mean measure, the contribution which men of Irish birth and Irish descent have made both as designers and executors of work and as builders.

But that is only a part of what you have given to New York. Let me take this opportunity to acknowledge an indebtedness of the higher education of this city to one of the members of this society. When Columbia College was about to buy the site that it now occupies, a suggestion was made that the streets should be cut through, just spoiling the site for that purpose. The matter came to the knowledge of Mr. John D. Crimmins, who with an alacrity and a power entirely characteristic of him, took the matter up and never dropped it, until the bill which had been presented in the Legislature to open these streets, came out of it providing that the streets never should be opened as long as the site was owned or occupied by Columbia College for educational purposes. (Applause.)

You will understand, therefore, that it was to me a keen delight when I had the opportunity the other day in the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners, to vote for closing the streets running through the new site of Manhattan College. (Applause.) The case of Manhattan College was presented to us by that good man, Brother Charles (applause) only a few days before his death. I like to think that among the last experiences that he had with the government of his city, was that of knowing that the municipal authorities delighted to help forward the work of the college to which he had given his life. (Applause.)

And thus to the material and to the intellectual and spiritual side of the life of this great city, you and members of your race have contributed what no man can weigh. I read some time ago a poem called "Day Dreams." Two or three of the lines I remember. They ran in this fashion:

> "Then pray for a dreamless sleep, if you will;
> For a slumber no visions have power to thrill;
> But, oh, thank God that he gives us still
> The dreams of our waking hours."

Such dreams fascinate my waking hours whenever I think of the City of New York; because I know that there is laboring for its greatness and for its glory the men of Irish race and birth; and the men of every other race and birth that make up its citizenship; so that, out of such a labor, so united, so single minded, I rejoice to see the upbuilding of the City of New York that is yet to be. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: A toast as important as any discussed tonight is now to be proposed, and will be responded to by one of the bravest heroes known to any nation. I present to you Captain Hobson of the Merrimac, who will speak for the Army and Navy. (Great applause.)

CAPTAIN HOBSON: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:—I beg to thank you from the depths of my heart for so warm and generous a greeting. It touches me very deeply, and I deem it a great privilege to be with you this evening. I am aware of the lateness of the hour, and I do not propose to take your time to any extent. But I have been assigned to a toast, really, I must confess, without my previous knowledge or consent, but I belong to a profession where emergencies are supposed to arise (applause), and if not for myself, for my cause I will beg your attention for a few short moments.

I think it is very fitting that the brotherhood which perpetuates the memory and principles that cluster about the name of St. Patrick should have upon its toast list the Army and the Navy. (Applause.) Reference has been made to the glorious distinctions won by men of Irish birth throughout the whole earth in many, in all, the walks of life. The greatest, most eloquent of orators; the best of artisans; the sweetest of poets; aye, and they call their very society "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick"—the dearest friends that men have ever known; but I believe that the grandest distinctions for the Irish race have been won in war by armies and by navies. (Applause.) And while the list of the British army and British navy will show in the most extraordinary degree that the British Empire has drawn upon this warring genius of this mighty race both on land and on the sea, yet I believe it is in America, it is in our own country, that this fighting capacity of the Irishman has found its fullest fruition. (Applause.) And I say it is fitting to have Irishmen put upon their list a toast to the Army and Navy of the United States.

I shall not keep you to tell you at length of what this Army and Navy of the United States have done, but only to refer to some results of investigations that I have made concerning the way in which such beautiful episodes as have been referred to previously occurred, where the American Army found its fullest test, where the devotion of American soldiers was put to the limit; aye, I say American soldiers, and I include the soldiers of both North and South. (Applause.) Are you citizens of New York not prepared in the year 1902 to accept with the citizens south of

Mason and Dixon's line the fact that the Civil War was a sociological necessity; that men on both sides fought for principle; that if you had lived in the South you would have done as the Southerners did? (Applause.) Aye, and if the Southerners had lived in the North and the West, they would not have been true Americans had they not done as the Northerners and Westerners did; may we not to-day in a common patriotism recognize, that this war was necessary for the casting of our institutions into the fiery furnace that they might come forth pure gold, that there might be no longer any obstacle in the way of this mighty nation as it enters upon its matchless course as a world power. (Applause.) And let me tell you, if the records of the Spanish American War have not already told you, that there is not a State in all this Union more loyal and devoted than the State of Alabama. (Applause.) There is not a cluster of stars imbedded in that glorious medium of the blue that shines with more brilliancy and pride, with more perfect devotion and absolute loyalty to the Union, than the cluster of the Southern States. Moreover, the South is grateful that it was not allowed to secede. (Applause.)

For comparing the achievements of the American armies with those of armies abroad, take for the British army the standard set by the immortal brigade at Balaclava. Six hundred and seventy-three troopers rode in. They left 36.7 per cent. in killed and wounded behind. I had wondered when I learned as a boy, the poem that begins "Half a league onward"—if there ever was such a case where Tennyson might have sung for an American regiment. I got the records of the War Department and I counted 338 different cases in the Federal army alone where the losses of single regiments in single engagements exceeded those of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

A German officer told me of a German regiment that stood up in a single battle and lost forty-eight and some tenths per cent. I counted in the same list sixty-four cases in the Federal army and fifty-three cases in the smaller Confederate army, making altogether a little less than one hundred and twenty different cases in the Civil War alone where the losses of single regiments in single engagements exceeded fifty per cent. (Applause.) And I began to examine and go up the scale and I found many sixty-five and seventy, and seventy-five, and the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg lost eighty-two per cent., and the 1st Texas, eighty-two and three-tenths per cent. (Applause.)

Are not those eloquent figures sufficient response to the toast of the American Army? Need I refer to its achievements in the matter of organization? We started, the Federal army, the whole Union army, less than 16,000 men; and inside of eighteen months there were a million of men. The great German machine that invaded France was less than 800,000, equipped and ready organized and armed. We had not only to organize the men but to manufacture even the uniforms and the last piece of equipment. The Germans kept in communication with their base and on military roads marched to Paris. We cut loose, and a whole army corps has been known to sweep a thousand miles in a single campaign. My friends, let us no longer learn poetry about the Light Brigade. Let us no longer read with bated breath about Zenophon and the march of his ten thousand. Let us not even stand aghast at the sight of Hannibal in his march across Spain, the Pyrennees and the Alps into Italy; nor at those campaigns of Frederick and Napoleon; those bloodiest battles of Napoleon and Frederick counted six, seven and in extreme cases eighty per cent. killed and wounded on both sides. Twenty per cent occurred again and again in our armies; thirty, thirty-five and even forty per cent. was known to have been the terrible record. There has never been any such fighting since the world began, nor any such test of devotion to principle recorded anywhere else in the pages of history.

But I have only half finished my toast, and I have consumed all the available time. (Cries of go ahead.) But really I do not think the Navy ought to be passed over. (Cries of No. Applause.)

On too many occasions, my friends, after our Congress has expended five hundred millions of dollars for various miscellaneous purposes and the opposition papers have begun to talk about extravagance, they have too willingly passed over that helpless little naval appropriation bill and struck out the appropriations for new construction and new ships. But I do not think that here, when I am called to respond for the Army and Navy, I should leave out the Navy, though I shall not keep you long.

Take the Navy of the olden day—the war of 1812 as an illustration. The British ships crossed the seas seven times as strong as our entire navy. They came fresh from the victories of Nelson. They had won two hundred successive engagements in duels with the enemy. They measured arms with the little American Navy, fought eighteen battles and they lost fifteen out of the eighteen. (Applause.) And when with an inferior force our losses should have been greater, they were actually less than one-sixth of the British losses.

To-day this record of the Navy has been sustained. Do not let any American belittle the achievements of the American Navy in the Spanish American War simply because of its unparalleled efficiency. Examine into history and you will find that never before in all its annals has any fleet compassed the total destruction of an enemy's fleet. (Applause.) Never before in all those annals has a fleet gained a decisive victory without serious loss to itself. The Nile, the great English victory, cost twelve hours of hard fighting and heavy losses to the British. One hundred and ninety-seven men alone in killed and wounded on the "Bellerophon" alone and then a number of the French ships escaped. Trafalgar, glorious Trafalgar, cost five hours of fighting and heavy losses. One hundred and forty-seven men killed and wounded on Nelson's flagship, the "Victory" alone, and nearly one-third of the French and Spanish ships escaped. It remained for the American Navy, the Navy of to-day (applause) to set a new standard for victory upon the seas for Dewey at Manila Bay (applause) and Sampson and Schley at Santiago (applause), the first with cruising ships against cruising ships; the second with armored ships against armored ships. Do not let us underestimate the force of the Spanish fleet that came out of Santiago. They were homogeneous ships of twenty knots speed, all heavily armored. While our fleet that had been produced by a haphazard legislation, was a most motley conglomeration of craft, only two vessels of high speed, the New York and Brooklyn, and they not heavily armored, and all our heavily armored ships of less than 16 knots. Do not let us belittle that victory or that of Manila Bay, simply because for the first time in American history your American Navy of to-day set a double standard, simultaneously breaking two records and achieving an absolutely mathematical maximum of nautical possibilities, which compassed at the same time the total destruction of the enemy without any loss to the victor. (Applause.)

I think these facts are sufficient response to the toast for the Navy. But one thought has occurred to me as I have listened to the beautiful and touching addresses that have preceded. I believe that the Irish race is characterized even more than by its fighting capacity, by its devotion to ideals and to principles. And I have heard the almost impassioned pleas made here for a principle, that of human liberty; you might call it of free institutions. I wish to leave this thought with every earnest man in this community, every earnest man in the world, who really has the thought of free institutions, aye, and the thought of peace at heart. That it is not by Hague conferences neither is it by international peace societies that the reign of liberty and the laws of peace can be or will be made to prevail in

the world. I will tell you the practical way. It is to give to the United States of America, a nation that has been evolved purely and solely from free antecedents; we have never ruled over any peoples, and thank Heaven, no people has ever ruled over us. We have been produced and evolved in all our history by the laws that go with freedom, and we are the only nation thus evolved. It constitutes us not only the essentially free nation, but the essentially peace loving nation. War and conquest and military organization have been the methods of evolution of all notions abroad—stratification in their society, centralization in their governments. Military services, the dread of armies upon the frontier, or the ambitious dreams of conquest over the territories of their neighbors, make up the largest factor in molding the minds and characters of men abroad. The United States is constituted by high Heaven the champion of free institutions and the advocate of peace for the whole world. (Applause.)

We should champion a new principle among the nations, particularly in the treatment of the lower races by the higher races, since Heaven has given to these higher races during the last century the domination over the lower races, even though they outnumber the higher races almost three to one. We should seek to establish a new principle—that even from the standpoint of interest as well as duty and conscience, nations should not injure nations; that nations are benefited by prosperity and advancement of conditions of life in all others, and that war should be reduced to a minimum in the world; and that therefore this condition can be practically realized in the best way by giving that nation which is peace loving and free the strongest voice, the deciding vote in the counsels of the nations when the great questions of liberty for other peoples and the questions of war and peace are to be decided.

And now mark this, I have been leading up to this point. It is that the only handmaid of our nation, the only executive it can have in applying this majestic rule, not only in behalf of Ireland but of South Africa and the four hundred millions in China, but this rule of beneficence for all parts of the earth wheresoever the energy of Americans shall send their commerce, that these interests of America can have no handmaid but its Navy. (Applause.) And therefore, without bringing to mind the necessities of a navy from a material standpoint of protection of our trade interests, our coast lines, our rights in foreign markets and new markets, every person here who has the interests of liberty at heart should use his influence, and I believe every earnest man in America who would covet for his country this glorious role, should strive to create for our country and maintain for it a mighty navy that would give it the first position among the nations.

And in closing I wish to thank you for your invitation, for your patient endurance at this late hour, and I will leave with you this thought, that young America, I believe, is going to rise to the magnitude of its possibilities; that if our fathers have demonstrated their devotion to principle and duty, we are called upon and I believe the younger generation will respond, and that in these days the citizens throughout the country will see to it that regular appropriations are made to the Navy, that having done this their part, they may have confidence in the Navy personnel. Every other navy under Heaven has borne defeat; the British hauled down their colors before the Dutch; the Dutch in turn before the British; the French, Spanish, Italian, Austrian—all the other navies have tasted defeat; the American Navy alone in the past, aye, and may you not count upon it in the future, the American Navy alone in the past has never known defeat and alone has the right to be called the ever victorious navy. (Applause.)

THE PROCEEDINGS HERE TERMINATED.